

Home Circle.

THE GRUMBLER.

HIS YOUTH

His cap was too thick and his coat was too thin ;
He couldn' be quiet ; he hated a din ;
He hated to write and he hated to read ;
He was certainly very much injured indeed !
He must study and toil over work he detested ;
His parents were strict, and he never was rested ;
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be !

HIS MATURITY

His farm was too small and his taxes too big ;
He was selfish and lazy, and cross as a pig ;
His wife was too silly, his children too rude,
And just because he was uncommonly good !
He hadn't got money enough and to spare ;
He had nothing at all fit to eat or to wear :
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be ;
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he !

HIS OLD AGE

He finds he has sorrows more deep than his fears ;
He grumbles to think he has grumbled for years ;
He grumbles to think he has grumbled away
His home and his children, his life's little day ;
But, alas ! 'tis too late ! it is no use to say
That his eyes are too dim and his hair is too gray ;
He knows he is wretched as wretched can be ;
There is no one so wretchedly wretched as he !

—Sunday School Visitor

THE NEEDLE AND THE PIN.

A Pin and a Needle, being neighbors in a work basket, and both being idle folks, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the Pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head ?"

"What is the use of your head," replied the Needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye ?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the Pin, "if there is always something in it."

"I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the Needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long, because you have always a stitch in your side," said the Pin.

"You are a poor, crooked creature," said the Needle.

"And you are so proud that you cannot bend without breaking your back."

"I'll pull your head off if you insult me again."

"I'll pull your eye out if you touch me; remember, your life hangs on a single thread," said the Pin.

While they were thus conversing, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the Needle at the eye. She then tied the thread around the neck of the Pin, and attempting to sew with it, she soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken Needle.

"Well, here we are," said the Needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the Pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the Needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together, as we do !"

—Household Words.

A GRATEFUL PRESIDENT.

D. R. Garrison, of St. Louis, tells a story which will illustrate the kindheartedness of Gen. Grant. The General, it seems, was a great lover of horses, and while he was President he came on a visit to St. Louis, and Mr. Garrison, at that time President of the old Pacific road, took him out to his farm. They started off in a buggy for a drive, and after going some distance met an old man going along on a horse. The man was in his shirt sleeves and wore a straw hat, but Grant recognized him, and, stopping the buggy, he got out, and, walking up to the old man, put out his hand and said: "Hello, Uncle Ben! How are you and the old woman getting along?"

The old man was Uncle Ben Sappington. He welcomed the President and said that he was getting along very well. He remarked they were happy as long as they had enough to eat and a pipe and a little tobacco.

"Uncle Ben, wouldn't you like to be postmaster of Meramee township?" asked the President.

Uncle Ben said he would not object, and Grant shook him by the hand and said: "God bless you and your wife, Uncle Ben. I think of you often."

When Grant got back in the buggy the tears were streaming from his eyes, and he said to Mr. Garrison: "Poor old Uncle Ben. He has a big heart. I remember," he said, "when I and my wife, living in that house over there, did not have any more to eat than needed, and old Uncle Ben would come around to the house at night and leave a basket of provisions on our doorstep. He was afraid to come and give them to us, thinking that he would possibly hurt our feelings. God bless his memory !"

Uncle Ben was made postmaster, and after living to a ripe old age he joined the great majority, and was followed by Grant a few years ago.—The Alliance.

VALUE OF BRIGHT, ATTRACTIVE HOMES.

"The Touch of a Woman's Hand" is the caption of an editorial in September Ladies' Home Journal, in which Edward W. Bok makes a plea for pleasant, bright homes in which are manifested the evi-

dences of the wife's good taste and an enthusiastic interest in her household: "One reason why some men do not get along better in the world," Mr. Bok contends, "is because they have not the proper stimulant in their homes. Their homes lack those little touches of refinement which bring the best out of them. Neatness and taste are possible in the poorest homes. Let a woman make that atmosphere as dainty as her means allow, and she will raise her husband to the same standard. And as she elevates him the effect is left upon herself, her children, her home and her future. Some men respond more slowly to the touch of a woman's hand displayed in their homes and upon their surroundings. The task may seem hopeless to the wife at times. But sooner or later the effect will show itself. There is something in every man which responds to a higher and gentler influence. Let his home be rough and he will be rough. But infuse into that home a softening touch, be it ever so simple, and the man feels it even tho he may not directly notice it. He imbibes it unconsciously, and its effect is sure upon him."

THE MAN WHO REALLY ENJOYS LIFE.

To no man is the world so new and the future so fresh as to him who has spent the early years of his manhood in striving to understand the deeper problems of science and life and who has made some headway toward comprehending them. To him the commonest things are rare and wonderful, both in themselves and as parts of a beautiful and intelligent whole. Such a thing as staleness in life and its duties he cannot understand.

Knowledge is always opening out before him in wider expanses and more commanding heights. The pleasure of growing knowledge and increasing power makes every year of his life happier and more hopeful than the last.

Children's Department.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Dear Boys and Girls:—Still more have remitted since last week swelling the Mission fund to \$23.60. Following is the list of names:

Annie Hershey, New Berlin, O.,	\$.10
Hope Beekly, Greenville, O.,		.10
Ruthie Rupe, ———, Mich.,		.10
Willie F. Fogle, Newmarket, Va.,		.10
Maud Vincent, Plano, Ohio,		.10
Orpha Dennis, Austin, Ohio,		.10
Bessie Akrom, McLean, Ohio,		.10
Jessie Davis, Washington C. H., O.,		.05
Pauline McCoy, " " "		.10
Carrie McCoy, " " "		.10